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NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1901.

NUMBER 961.

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# LIFE



## EASTER NUMBER

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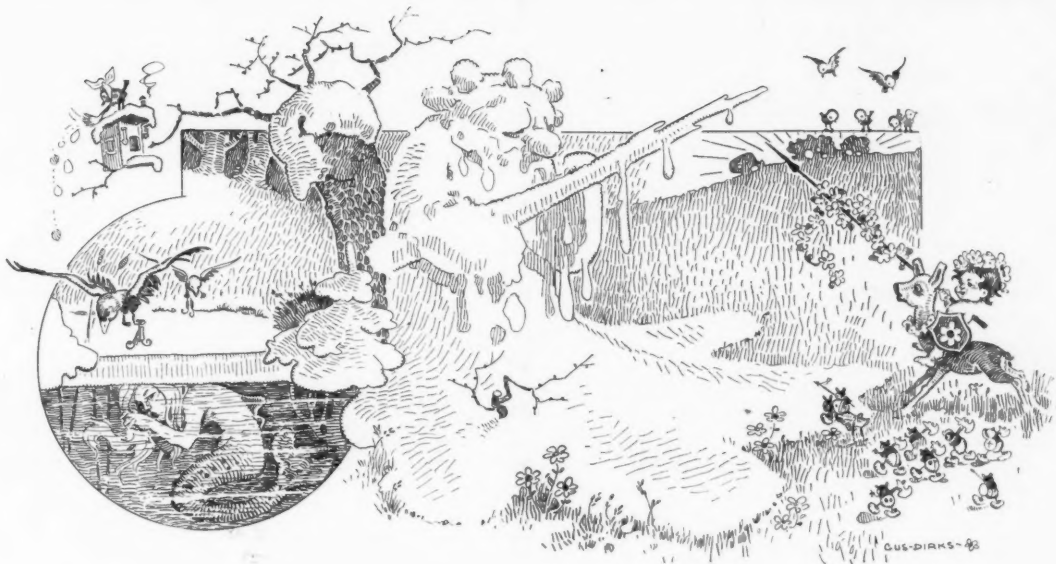
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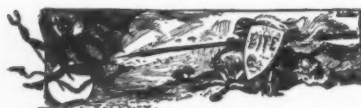
# LIFE

NUMBER 961



SPRING II





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE return of the native is again being discouraged, especially at the Port of New York. The Treasury Department, through its employees in the New York Custom House, hinders the returning native's friends from meeting him on the pier when his ship comes in, strews the dock with his own and his wife's underclothes, and makes him sorry he came home. This sort of harrying of travelers coming back from Europe is an old story, and bad in the telling. Periodically the Treasury Department has a spasm of vigilance and insists that there shall be no smuggling in passengers' baggage. There are reasons for these spasms, for a good many passengers will smuggle if they can, especially passengers of the gentler persuasion. Dressmakers also beat the Government out of the duties on a good many gowns in the course of every year. These evasions can be stopped, and the way to stop them is probably the way the Government is now pursuing. But is it worth while to stir up such a prodigious amount of irritation over what is, after all, a trifling matter? The duties collected from travelers cut a very small figure in the Government revenues anyway, and the difference between the amount collected when travelers are generously and courteously used, and the total got by treating all travelers as suspicious characters, and harrying and insulting them, is a

mere bagatelle. If Mr. Gage only bothered the rogues there would be little complaint that was worth notice. But in order to thwart a few rogues in their malfeasances he outrages the feelings and the tempers of thousands of decent people who are perfectly ready to pay anything they owe. It is a very small business, and a nuisance, and it is to be hoped that the present infliction of it may soon be abated.



HAS it really come to the parting of the ways between Platt and Odell? Has the old jackal become so nearly toothless that the lion cubs are going to repudiate his leadership? It is inevitable that that should happen presently, and at this writing it seems quite possible that it has happened. Colonel Sanger was made Assistant Secretary of War the other day, though the appointment was not to Mr. Platt's taste. It seems an admirable appointment. That was in Washington. Now, in Albany, there are excellent reasons to believe that Governor Odell has declined to accept the State Constabulary bill which Mr. Platt has insisted on passing.

There is something to be said for the bill. New York has been cursed for three years with a rotten police organization which has levied toll for Tammany or Tammany workers on vice, on trade, on everything which it is the business of the police either to restrain or to protect. The Tammany-ized police force is a tremendous evil. We all know that in theory, and thousands of us know it by personal experience. Mr. Platt says: "I will have my Legislature legislate the control of the New York police out of Tammany's hands altogether."

The answer is, "You can't do it constitutionally, and if you could, it ought not to be done, because it conflicts with the right of local self-government. Let New York cleanse itself or go dirty. Bad as it is, it would lose more than it would gain by having its police force run at Albany."

Public sentiment is very strong against this reform proposed by Mr.

Platt, and it includes the best sentiment in the State. Governor Odell apparently shares it, and certainly recognizes it, and Mr. Platt has had notice that his Police bill cannot become a law.

The Governor has done right, and no doubt is felt that he will stick. He did not seek a difference with Platt. Mr. Platt got him in a corner where he had either to stand up or lie down, and he has stood up. Really that seems the proper attitude for a Governor of New York.



GOVERNOR ODELL is an interesting figure nowadays. Since Mr. Platt has managed New York State Republican politics, no Republican has been allowed to grow big enough to endanger the mastership. To Mr. Depew a Senatorship was given. Some one had to have it, and Depew was a safe man with restricted ambitions, and trained to listen to reason. Roosevelt shot up after the Spanish war and was Governor. He was a dangerous man in the State, and Platt got him out of it. To be sure Platt kicked him upstairs, but he had to go. How will it be with Odell? Will he be suffered to develop? Will it be possible to stunt him? He is no novice; no chicken. It is possible there is in him the making of a statesman, and it is many a long day since the Republicans in New York have produced one. That each party in a State should have an authorized leader is a part of the system of republican government which our country now enjoys. The passing of the sceptre in New York from the hands of Platt must come soon, and whenever it comes it will be a momentous change. If it goes to Odell we shall see what we shall see, but we shall look on hopefully, for while Odell is not too good for human nature's daily food, he has qualities that excite hope. But there is not likely to be a public squabble over the change. There is no need of violence or an open breach; no need of any knocking-down and dragging-out. If the sceptre changes hands the transfer is likely to be gradual and decorous.





"THE REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR."—I. PROLOGUE.

Little Florence McCarty arrived early at the theatre that night. She was sitting in the room allotted to herself and half a dozen other chorus girls, sleepily contemplating an old mirror hung for their use in a corner of the room. "It must be a very old one," she thought. "What fun if it could tell me some of the things it has seen in the course of its existence." Perhaps she went to sleep, but anyway a voice seemed to come from the

mirror itself and said: "Look into me, and I will not only narrate, but also show you some of the scenes I have reflected in the course of my long life." A mist covered the surface of the glass, blotting out her own image. A new picture seemed to form itself there, and again the voice spoke:

(To be continued.)



UNDER the title of *The Nineteenth Century, A Review of Progress*, are published some thirty-seven articles, by as many authors. Government, sociology and history; literature, education and the fine arts; science, pure and applied, are all dealt with from various standpoints. And while he would be a reader of most catholic taste who enjoyed the whole, one must indeed be untouched by the activities of our time who failed to find ample interest in the volume. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The great success of Maurice Thompson's *Alice of Old Vincennes* is apparently responsible for the appearance in book form of a novel by the same author called *Sweetheart Manette*. This exceedingly poor story of Mississippi life appeared in Lippincott's Magazine some seven years ago. (J. P. Lippincott and Company.)

The second of Messrs. Harper Bros.' series of American novels, *The Sentimentalists*, by Arthur Stanwood Pier, is a story of decided worth. Vernon Kent, the self-deceptive sentimentalist, and his rather unscrupulously practical mother are two characters for the creation of which Mr. Pier deserves high praise. (Harper and Brothers.)

A little love story of the Australian bush by E. W. Hornung, called *The Shadow of a Man*, is good for summer reading when one is disinclined to carp at the improbable if it distracts one's attention from the thermometer. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

A clever peep behind the scenes of modern English and French society is given us in *The Visits of Elizabeth*, by Elinor Glyn. The story is told in a series of letters from a girl of seventeen to her mother, and the people she meets and what she thinks of them are very amusing. (John Lane.)

Five short stories from McClure's Magazine are published in a small volume called *Love*. One of them, *Love in a Fog*, is very good. The others are decidedly indifferent. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

*Stage Lyrics*, by Harry B. Smith, is a very attractive volume. It contains many old friends, is well printed and charmingly illustrated. (R. H. Russell.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

### Itemized.

THREE nights spent in scheming  
What is best to do.  
Ditto filled with dreaming  
Dreams of pink and blue.  
Sixteen trips about it,  
Searching right and left—  
Coming back without it,  
Weary and bereft.

Nine short days exploring  
Fashion's lexicon;  
Blissfully adoring,  
Pricing, trying on.  
Fourteen hours of flurry,  
Trimming it aright.  
Countless hours of worry  
Lest it prove a fright.

Poignant fears of blunder—  
Feelings simply numb!  
Half a day of wonder  
Why it doesn't come.  
Frenzied declaration  
All is done amiss.  
Moments of vexation  
Over that and this.

Ribbons, wires, and roses  
(Nature's counterparts).  
Sundry tilted noses.  
Sundry yearning hearts.  
Last, a terse indictment  
(Twenty dollars, flat!).  
Out of the excitement  
Just an Easter hat!

Edwin L. Sabin.



Farmer: WON'T LET GO THE SLEIGH, EH?



"WHOA, NANCY!"

**A Ballade of Easter.**

THE town's been masked for many a day  
In the garb of a pensive penitent;  
A "hooded friar of orders grey"  
Has kept the gates of imprisonment;  
But duty and vow at last relent,  
The guarded portals are open wide,  
Penance and fast alike are spent.  
The world is awake in the Easter-tide.

Thrice a week in a saintly way,  
Her serious gaze on the pavement bent,  
Lest even a single glance should stray,  
Marjorie, gowned like a Quaker,  
went  
To sew for the suffering indigent;  
But Marjorie's thimble is laid aside,  
And her eyes meet mine with a shy consent.  
The world is awake in the Easter-tide.

Stole and Missal have held their sway,  
Low, in an attitude reverent,  
Worldlings many have knelt to pray,  
While the belfry summoned, "Repent, repent."  
But in at the window steals the scent  
Of hyacinths brave in their April pride,  
And the people know with a glad content  
The world is awake in the Easter-tide.

ENVOI.

Conscience, of late so eloquent,  
Your voice of warning may now subside;  
You may go to sleep till another Lent.  
The world is awake in the Easter-tide.  
*Jennie Betts Hartswick.*

**Iniquity in High Life.**

SOME of the most fashionable and most respected of the reverend clergy of New York are warning their congregations from the pulpit against a growing fashion of playing cards for money. It appears—and the insinuations of our reverend brethren are known to be well founded—that bridge-whist and poker of a very earnest variety are much in vogue in polite circles in New York and Newport; that money, in what used to be thought large sums, changes

owners at these games, and that poor young men who happen to take part in them find themselves in very embarrassing predicaments. It is a bad story, and the worst of it is it is true. We seem to need some new and amusing uses for money, which shall divert without doing mischief. Gambling at cards isn't a pretty amusement for families.

**Life's Short Story Offer.**

LIFE will pay *Two Hundred Dollars* for the best short story received in this office before August 1st, 1901, *One Hundred Dollars* for the second best, and *Fifty Dollars* for the third best. The Editor of LIFE reserves the privilege of purchasing all other stories accepted at the rate of two cents a word.

CONDITIONS:

Each and every manuscript should be addressed to "The Short Story Editor of LIFE."

The Editor of LIFE is to be the sole judge. All manuscripts must be typewritten, with the name of the author and number of words written plainly on title page.

No story containing more than 2,500 words or less than 1,000 words will be considered.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Those unaccompanied by postage will be held one month from close of contest, and if then uncalled for, will be destroyed. The contest begins at once.

The stories will be read as they are received, and those unavailable will be returned promptly.

The contest will close on August 1st, 1901. No manuscripts received after that date will be considered.

**Partners to the Last.**

A SOUTHERN DARKY, wishing the inhabitants of the village to know that he and his venerable partner had decided to retire from active life, astonished them one morning by placing the following sign above the door of the establishment:

"Dis am to infohm de public dat me an' Ike am goin' out of bis'ness. Dem dat owes de firm may settle with me; dem dat de firm owes may settle with Ike."

"HAVE you seen Jack Liffington's new golf suit?"

"No; it is gay, I imagine."

"Gay? He looks like a demented Easter-egg."







ACCORDING TO SCIENTISTS THE CHIMPANZEE POSSESSES A HIGH ORDER OF INTELLIGENCE, AND IS CAPABLE OF LEARNING AS MUCH AS A FAIRLY INTELLIGENT HUMAN BEING.



### Those Easter Belles.

THOSE Easter belles, those Easter belles,  
Full half of them are wicked sells  
That never hear, nor heed the chime  
Of church bell—save at Easter time.  
Those howling swells, those howling swells,  
Now turning out, in swift pell mells,  
Are hastening, bent on nothing else  
But flirting with those Easter belles.  
Those Easter belles! Those Easter belles!  
How many a lie the poet tells  
Who his reluctant muse compels  
To sing your praises—Easter belles!

Madeline Bridges.

### What Kitchener Reports from South Africa.

THESE reports vary in their wording, but the substance is generally about the same:

"De Wet outgenerals me at every turn, but I am destroying farms, laying waste the country and making life a hell for the women and children. Send me twenty-five thousand more mounted yeomen to carry on this work.

"Kitchener."

### Disconnected Melody.

"READ to me some lovely poem from that magazine," she cried.  
He read her the table of contents, and she was satisfied.

THE *Evening Post* reports that the Government is dissatisfied with the hereditary notions of hospitality which obtain among the Sioux Indians, and proposes to break them up. It seems that rations are issued to the Sioux once a fortnight and are expected to last two weeks. Most of the Indians get through with their supplies in about three days. But if any of them are more prudent, their friends come and visit them, and by tribal custom must be entertained and fed as long as there is food in the house. So the improvident Indians share the fulness of their prudent fellows as long as there is any. If any Indian raises a crop and stores it away, he has guests by the hundred at the first sign of dearth, who reward his toil by their practical appreciation of its results. It is gratifying to learn that real, old-fashioned hospitality has survived anywhere on the earth. There may seem to be sound, practical reasons for interfering with such customs as the Sioux have kept alive, but it outrages sentiment to meddle with them. The Sioux—the majority of them at least—object very strongly to interference. They will have the sympathy of many of our citizens, and especially of the Grand Army of the Republic, which has submitted pension plans that the Pension Bureau experts say can be carried out at a cost of not less than a billion dollars a year.

WIFE: Did you know the cook was in the next room when you were swearing and complaining over the breakfast?

HUSBAND: Good heavens, no! I thought it was you.



"NOW WILL YOU BE GOOD, YOU MISERABLE CUB!"

**Resurrection.**

SPRING many a resurrection brings,  
But rarest this of all—  
Revival of those garmentings,  
Hats, coats, and vests, and—other  
things  
We flung away last Fall!

papers tell us, with great awe, of a gentleman burglar. Burglary and agriculture would appear to be the only callings in which gentlemen advertise themselves.

But gentlemen farmers seem to have a far more pleasant life than is enjoyed by gentlemen burglars. It is more spectacular. Gentlemen burglars work

Southern pilgrimage, and the time when everybody is in town.

*Barrington Kid.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER :  
Johnnie, do you know the name  
of Lot's wife?

JOHNNIE: It must have been Lottie  
Rubber.



IS IT COMING EAST?

THE PLAGUE IN KANSAS THIS YEAR IS NEITHER GRASSHOPPERS NOR POTATO BUGS.

**Gentility and Agriculture.**

"DO you know what I am?" asked young Tailer-Taylor. "I'm a gentleman farmer."

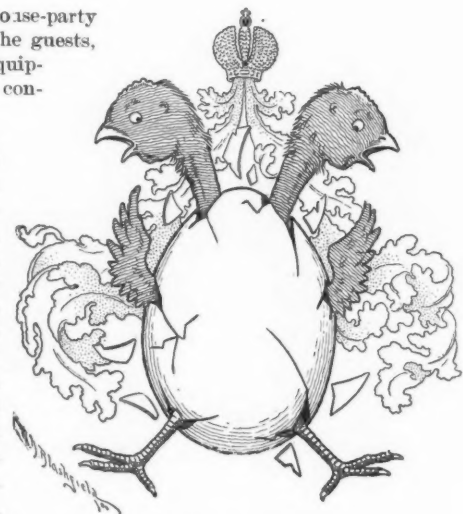
"Well," I observed, "are you a gentleman because you are a farmer, or are you a farmer because you are a gentleman? Is it necessary, under the circumstances, to certify to your gentility? There's nothing ungentleman-like about farming, so far as I know. If you were a gentleman theatrical manager, why—"

"Oh, you be hanged!" exclaimed young Tailer-Taylor, and went off to order some corduroy clothes.

Now, this gentleman-farmer business irritates one. I never heard of a gentleman banker or a gentleman doctor, although I dare say that most bankers and most doctors are gentlemen. Sometimes, however, the news-

in secret, but a gentleman farmer has a house-party of guests to applaud his efforts. The guests, indeed, are as essential a part of his equipment as is his New Barn, which is continually in process of construction.

Gentleman farming has been compared to yachting. Yachting is cheaper, and I suppose that fact is the reason we never hear of a gentleman sailor. It is also true that when a gentleman is in the middle of the ocean on a yacht, he is obliged to remain a yachtsman, even if he doesn't want to. But a gentleman farmer can at any time drop the farming end of it and be a gentleman pure and simple—pure in some cases and simple in the majority of them. This is a convenience of which young Tailer-Taylor occasionally avails himself—during the Newport season, for example, and the hunting months, and the



A RUSSIAN EASTER EGG.





"AGE CANNOT WITHER, NOR CUSTOM STALE HER INFINITE VARIETY."

### Inverted Fables.

IN THE LAND OF THE OUGHT-TO-BE.

"YES," said the First Baby, contemptively, "I woke up this morning determined to do it, and I did it, and in very truth it was most enjoyable. Her struggles and kicks were so amusing that my sides shook with laughter. Nevertheless, I performed my duty conscientiously and remorselessly."

"And to think," said the Second Baby, "that it was your own mother."

"Ah!" replied the First Baby, "and this but made it the more agreeable; for you, my dear friend, will never know the truth until you have tried it yourself. And now let me tell you what I did. While it was yet morning and my mother was sleeping peacefully, I proceeded to her bedside, and grasping her firmly, I hurried her into the bathroom, where I doused her well and good. Then I put her on my knee, rubbed and slapped her ardently with a coarse towel, wrapped her up in eighteen or twenty heavy blankets, and forced into her mouth the black rubber end of a bottle filled with milk that had been so much modified by science as to take all the good out of it. Then I gave her to a raw-boned Irish girl with a French accent, who pummelled her into a baby carriage and took her out in the park and joggled her up and down the rest of the day."

### MORAL.

The Second Baby repressed a tear by a strong effort.

"But wasn't this cruel?" he observed, with a perceptible shudder.

"Cruel!" exclaimed the First Baby, contemptuously. "Of course it was cruel, you idiot. That's why I enjoyed it so much!"

### Migratory.

SHE (*plaintively*): Oh, Harry, would it never occur to you that we have occupied this flat one year and three months?

HE: I fully realize it. Didn't I agree with you the other day when you said it was as near perfection as a flat could possibly be and that we had never been as comfortable *any* where?

SHE: Of course I *do* like it, but we have lived here over a year! Don't you think that is long enough to —?

HE (*resignedly*): Yes, I think it is quite long enough to be suited and comfortable and at rest! Shall we go out and look for another place to-morrow?

SHE (*calmly*): I found one this morning.



Magazine Editor: BUT, MY DEAR MADAM, I HAVE MERELY ATTEMPTED TO GIVE YOU, IN THE kindest spirit, A FEW HINTS ON METRE AND CONSTRUCTION.

"WELL, I WOULDN'T HAVE SUCH A MEAN DISPOSITION AS YOU HAVE FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

## · LIFE ·

## "John Bull &amp; Co."

## A British Farce-Comedy.

(As the curtain rises the stage is seen to be decorated in characteristic fashion with ornaments in keeping with the spirit of the play. A row of heads, of all subject nations, transfixed on bayonets, extends as a border around the entire stage, which is lined with bags of gold and other trophies and spoils. A large Bible, pierced by a sword and set with diamonds from the Kaffir mines, hangs pendent from the ceiling, and casts a blood-red glow over all. A company of British soldiers enters.)

## Opening Chorus—SONG OF TOMMY ATKINS.

We are "absent-minded beggars," and  
we're spoiling for a fight;  
We've been taught by our superiors that  
might is always right,  
So we follow where they lead us—where the  
god of battle flits,  
And we fight for golden glory while they  
reap the benefits.

For it's "Tommy, Tommy Atkins,  
What the Bible says is true;  
We are here to rob the 'Eathen,  
While the fightin's up to you."

Our bayonets are shining where the desert's  
glare is seen,  
And amid the tropic splendors where the  
world is ever green;

And from Greenland's icy mountains unto  
India's coral strand  
We're converting the benighted with a  
Mauser in our hand.

And it's "Tommy, Tommy Atkins,  
Here's a farthin' for your toils;  
Let the dum dum bullets whistle  
While we're auditin' the spoils."

(They march three times around the stage to martial music, then stack arms, while the bugle sounds, and Lord Salisbury enters imposingly. He steps at once to front of stage and sings.)

I'm a Triply Prime, Prime Minister —  
LORD SALISBURY.

I'm the pompous representative of Anglo-  
Saxon unity,  
A diplomatist and statesman all in one;  
Aggressiveness I advocate with absolute  
impunity  
When the enemy is rich and on the run.

With my bushy beard  
I am greatly feared,  
And my smile, that is often sinister!  
Lo! the Indian god  
Obeys my nod!  
I'm a triply prime, Prime Minister!

When my countrymen have settled in some  
land of possibility,  
And have grabbed the reins of govern-  
ment in truly English style,  
The time's then ripe to banish hypocritical  
civility,  
And complete the work by adding to our  
territorial pile.

Thus each alien race  
I work to efface,  
And I smile in my way, half sinister,  
When the prayers are read  
O'er the countless dead—  
I'm a triply prime, Prime Minister!

CHORUS.

He adds to our territorial pile  
In a truly civilized English style,  
And a smile that's a trifle sinister.  
When the enemy's rich and on the run  
He hesitates not to use a gun—  
He's a triply prime, Prime Minister.

(Here enters Joseph Chamberlain, riding on a white elephant. He hastens to alight, and, adjusting his monocle, advances rapidly to the footlights.)

## Song of Disdain—JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Now, what's all this chatter  
And beastly clatter?



"I'm a Triply Prime, Prime Minister."



"As a Sanguinary Statesman I'm a Peach."



"All sentiment's respectfully declined."

"We're Bobs and Buller."

My Lord, you are really bilious!  
To you I appeal, sir,  
I trust you may feel, sir,  
My look, which is quite supercilious!  
As a sanguinary statesman I'm a peach!  
And, dear Marquis, I am far beyond *your*  
reach,  
And superior!  
My thirst for blood is strictly Simon pure!  
In this respect I'm very sure that you're  
My inferior!  
Who started the African war but me?  
It's Chamberlain's war, you know.  
I sewed up the shroud of the Boers, and I'm  
proud of  
The act, though it's been beastly slow.

*(At this juncture a sudden interruption occurs, and the music ceases abruptly. The back of the stage becomes dim, and a vision of a Boer village appears. The houses are in flames, and a group of British soldiers is engaged in an ordinary scene of plunder, using their bayonets freely and carrying off the women. Both actors start back in dismay. The scene then fades rapidly, and, as a bugle sounds briskly, General Buller is observed riding up on a charger. He bows, alights, steps forward and sings.)*

Song of Loot—GENERAL KITCHENER.

A haughty British soldier I, of most approved design,  
All sentiment that's sickly I respectfully decline.

I take my cue from financiers who rule the  
Church and State,  
Who slyly say my motto should be this:  
"Exterminate!"

To plunder and burn  
At every turn  
Is the civilized thing to do.  
From Church and State,  
To "exterminate"  
Is the British soldier's cue!

When Tommy loots and pillages and let's  
the dum dum fly,  
He knows who is behind him and "his not  
to reason why";  
And though the leaders lift their eyes and  
tell him to be good,  
They yet contrive to bear the sight with  
Christian fortitude.

To murder and loot  
Is the proper fruit  
For a Christian State to show,  
While we pray for might  
To guide us right!  
It's the civilized thing, you know.

My brow yet shines with glory o'er the  
Soudan's countless dead;  
The medals on my breast attest the way  
such deeds are fed;  
And though I find on Afric's shore a  
harder task assigned,

I beg to state all sentiment's respectfully  
declined.

We must kill 'em off  
While the critics scoff,  
And the Heathen wonder why,  
And plunder and burn  
At every turn,  
While we wink the other eye.

CHORUS.

He's here to obey both Church and State,  
And the word they give is "Exterminate!"

*(He retires and is recalled three times, while bouquets are thrown at him from all over the house. Then on one side enters, at the head of an awkward squad, General Buller, and on the other Lord Roberts, at the head of a company of infantry. They salute each other and then advance.)*

Duet—BOBS AND BULLER.

BOTH.

We're Bobs and Buller, a goodly pair,  
Though very unequal laurels we share.

BOBS.

Mine were plenty and some to spare.

BULLER.

But mine were only conditional.

BOTH.

We're a pair of punitive English birds,  
Our methods vary, as whey from curds.



BULLER.  
Mine were stupid beyond all words.

BOBS.  
Yes, yours were purely traditional!

CHORUS.  
Buller and Bobs, a punitive pair,  
Very unequal laurels they share!

(Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson now make their appearance from opposite sides, and are greeted with prolonged cheers, after which the entire company falls in line and marches around the stage to "Rule Britannia." All mark time and sing.)

FINAL CHORUS.  
Let the Heathen in his blindness  
feel the yoke,

As continually the carping  
critics croak!

'Tis our task to rend asunder  
while the blind ones feebly  
wonder, and we gather in  
the plunder at a stroke!

Then, Ho, for the sound of our  
Christian feet,  
Good Lord, Thy footstool  
treading!

And we'll follow the flag for the  
sake of the swag,  
While the Gospel we are  
spreading!

(CURTAIN.)

Tom Masson.

WE have received the following communication from Toronto:

Dear Life

*please do not put  
such things about our general  
in your paper you are fellows  
who have not such a good  
General as Lord Kitchener  
was or is. he is a grate  
deal better than your old  
teddy Roosevelt.*

*please publish this letter.*

*your interested*

*foke reader*

*Barbara Blackstock*

*English*

*Englist*

### Harold and His Papa.

"PAPA, where has mamma gone?"

"She has gone to an author's reading."

"Why didn't you go too?"

"For two reasons. I didn't want to go, and she didn't want me to go."

"But suppose she had wanted you to go, would you have gone?"

"That depends, Harold. She might have sprung it on me without notice. But if I had known it beforehand, I should have been detained down town on business, and wouldn't have gotten home in time."

"But you wouldn't really have been detained, would you? Only make-believe?"

"Yes, that's it."

"And wouldn't that be a lie?"

"Well, not exactly, my son. That would only be Justifiable Mendacity."

"What a big word! What does it mean?"

"You are too young to know. It is merely a man's occasional privilege and a woman's constant prerogative."

"Ooh! But what is an author's reading?"

"You know, for mamma has been many times before. It is where some one who has written a book reads out of it to a lot of women."

"But don't men ever go?"

"Not if they can help it."

"But why didn't mamma want you to go?"

"Because she thought I wouldn't understand what the author read."

"But you would understand it, wouldn't you, papa? For you are awful smart."

"I am afraid I shall have to undeceive you, Harold. No, I would not understand what the author read."

"But mamma always does, doesn't she? Because I



A POLAR STAR.



COMFORTING ASSURANCE!

have seen her before when she has been."

"Oh, yes."

"And when she comes home, she says, What a rare treat! and How expressively he read! and How much it meant to her."

"Yes, my son, she says all that."

"And sometimes she says that it is very hard to think there is no one in her own family who appreciates her feelings. You've heard her say that, haven't you, papa?"

"Some few times, my boy."

"But is it really so hard?"

"No, Harold, it isn't. And I will tell you another secret. Your mother does not understand the author any better than I could if I went. There!"

"But if that is so, papa, why does she say all those things?"

"My dear son, you're too young yet to know that."

"But I do know. I'm sure I know from what you've already said."

"Indeed! What was that?"

"Why, it's Justifiable Mendacity, of course."

### An Ornamental Mood.

**DOLLY:** Did your clergyman make Lent interesting, Polly?

**POLLY:** Yes, indeed; he's young, you know; and when he looks solemn he's just awfully cute.

**THE** Kansas Legislature sent word to King Edward VII. that it was grieved to learn of the death of his mother, and the King, in his note of acknowledgment, expressed his thanks for the "loyalty" of the Kansans. That flabbergasted the Kansans, but Mr. Choate has since explained that it was a mistake, and that "the King was much pained when he learned of this blunder."

Let the King take comfort. It is to smile at Kansas, that is all, and a little joke on Kansas always does us all good.

### Now Lent Is Done.

**N**OW Lent is done—before your door  
The world will call you as before  
With thrill of music, voice of swain,  
And you will laugh and trip again  
Its madding measure as before.



Ah well, our quiet times are o'er—  
The beauty of my days is slain.  
Our talks, our walks I yearn in vain  
Now Lent is done.

Alas, these may not charm you more—  
Our books, our chats, our teacup lore;  
Not mine to greet the Easter sun;  
My time of fasting is begun—  
Forbidden the sweets I hunger for  
Now Lent is done.

*Theodosia Garrison.*

### Positive Proof.

**BRIGGS:** Clingstone said when he married Miss Foxey that he thought her father had money to burn, and he was right.

**GRIGGS:** What did the old man do?

"Burned up the check he gave them for a wedding present."



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EASTER MORNING.  
FROM THE SUSCEPTIBLE PARSON'S POINT OF VIEW.



LIFE.



STER MORNING.  
TIBLE PARRON'S POINT OF VIEW.



### A Possible, Valuable Improvement in Criticism.

**W**HEN we are at peace again with China, it is possible that she will send Chinese missionaries to us to repay her obligation for the benign work of our own emissaries of loot and retaliation who have been over there spreading Christian civilization, peace on earth, good will towards men, fire, pillage, rapine and other missionary blessings and modern improvements on primitive religion. When the Chinese missionaries are thoroughly established here they may introduce an improvement in dramatic criticism which has prevailed in China for many centuries. It is akin to their custom of paying their doctors only when the patients are well. The Chinese theatre-goer holds that the actor should not be commended for good work, but should be severely rated if he does not keep up to a high standard, the idea being that, if he is an actor at all and collects pay for his professional services, he ought to be a good actor, and that is only what ought naturally to be expected of him. Of course newspaper approval is very dear to the artist's soul, and in the estimation of managers has much to do with fixing his commercial value. So far as the interests of the theatre-going public are concerned, theatrical taffy is neither interesting nor productive of tangible results, except producing, in many cases, an enlargement of the head which diminishes the actor's value as an actor.

If we believed with the Chinese that the only function of criticism is to point out defects, a very long article indeed might be written about the wretched dramatization of the classic "Manon Lescaut," which Herbert Keiley and Effie Shannon mistakenly believed fitted them with parts adapted to their abilities. We have had some pretty dire dramatizations this season, but the one in question exceeded all the others in its omissions of things from the book and introductions of material from the dramatist's brain. Among the omissions was the tragic scene where her lover digs Manon's grave with his hands. This omission was supplied by the public, which has dug a very permanent grave for the play of "Manon Lescaut."

**A**T the Broadway Theatre every evening—and occasionally at matinees—May Buckley and Mr. Charles Cherry expose themselves to a worse danger than that to which May Buckley was exposed when the unfortunate Southern gentleman flashed his local weapon so inopportunistically in a near-by restaurant the other evening. The reason is the very moving melodrama called "The Price of Peace." The danger is that May Buckley may possibly forget her lines in the realistic marriage ceremony performed in Westminster Abbey—as pictured on the stage—and say "I will," when her cue makes her say "I won't." Then would occur, before something more than a thousand witnesses, a real stage



MINNIE SELIGMAN.

marriage, which would also be a legal contract, and May Buckley and Mr. Cherry would have to get a real—not a stage—divorce. That wedding, with choristers and a repetition of the marriage ceremony which follows very closely the ritual of the Church of England, may shock the religiously inclined in the theatre, but it is one of the most effective scenes in a hugely scenic performance.

"The Price of Peace" can hardly be considered as a play, because in dramatic construction it's so very, very bad. Scenically, however, and in its bold dealing with places, persons and matters held sacred by the British it is very interesting. The climax, which makes a British Prime Minister in office commit a murder, is a shock to every American admirer of English in-

stitutions. One might almost as easily picture President McKinley getting indignant and shooting Senator Hanna.

In these big melodramatic productions it is customary to print the names of every one who comes on the stage, no matter how small the part. In the present case very few people have any acting to do. Minnie Seligman is mis-cast as a lady with a Spanish-American dialect and doesn't act the part. Mr. Wilton Lackaye, as *The Earl of Derwent*, bears an old man's head on very young shoulders and legs, but in the great scene of the murder rises to the occasion. A really good hit was the impersonation of the Parliamentary whip and Home Secretary by Mr. E. Harrison Hunter. Going on the Chinese principle of pointing out defects LIFE would have to get out a supplement to tell about most of the others in the long list of persons printed on the programme.

"The Price of Peace" is very well worth seeing on account of its scenic effects and many thrills. A very excellent feature of this entertainment is that one may witness it from a comfortable seat without paying an exorbitant price of admission.

Metcalfe.

#### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Broadway.*—"The Price of Peace." See above.

*Republic.*—Last week of "In the Palace of the King," a made-to-order dramatization to fit Miss Viola Allen. Worth seeing if one has seen everything else.

*Garden.*—"Under Two Flags" done into heroic melodrama, with Blanche Bates as *Cigarette*.

*Lycium.*—"The Lash of a Whip," mediocre French farce, with a very clever one-act piece, "The Shades of Night," as a chaser.

*Daly's.*—Revival of the bright musical comedy "San Toy."

*Empire.*—"Brother Officers" Moderately interesting society comedy warmed over from last season.

*Garwick.*—Clyde Fitch's amusing "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Well worth seeing.

*Wallack's.*—Farce, "Brother Masons." Notice later.

*Bijou.*—"The Climbers." Society comedy, clever and well performed.

*Weber and Fields's.*—Hold-over burlesque. Price of seats something less than one million dollars each.

*Victoria.*—"My Lady." Performance improved and fairly worth the moderate price of admission.

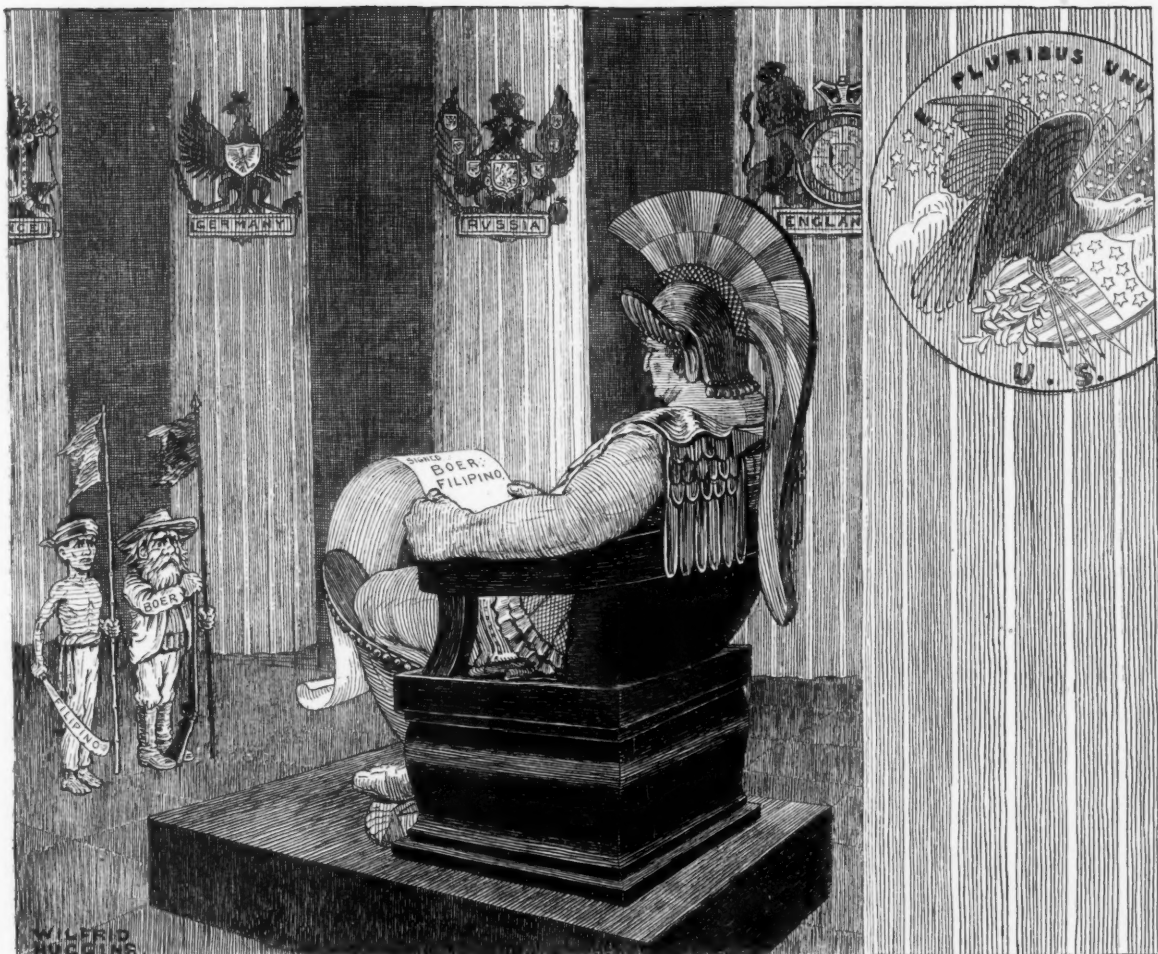
*Knickerbocker.*—"To Have and To Hold." A mediocre play at high price of admission.

*Criterion.*—Dramatization of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," with Julia Mariowe as the heroine. Moderately interesting.

*Academy of Music.*—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." Spectacular and well acted.

*Herald Square.*—"The Prima Donna." Notice later.

*Madison Square.*—Farce, "On the Quiet," by Augustus Thomas. Amusing



AT THE HOME OF THE WAR GOD.

LATEST FROM THE FRONT.

### Love's Iron Rule.

A SINGLE heart, all yearning—  
Alone and unafraid—  
Was taken for a burning  
To Cupid by a maid.

But Cupid, keen observer,  
(Who dares to say he's blind?)  
All smiling at her fervor,  
The proffered gift declined.

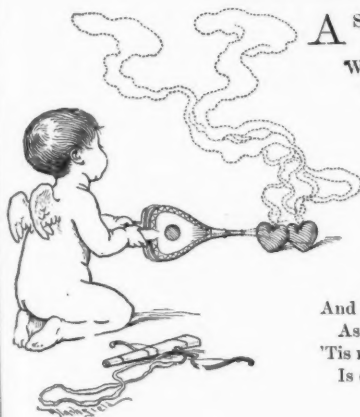
And merely said: "Inspiring  
As is your heart, I fear  
'Tis not enough! My firing  
Is done in *pairs*, my dear."

Tom Masson.

### Caledonia.

THE acknowledged pre-eminence of Scotland in literature, art, science, morals, thirst and dialect is readily understood when we learn that the Garden of Eden was situated between Galashiels and Kirkcudbright. For a long time perfidious Albion distorted history and claimed that the famous snake and lady resort was in Berks and Hants; but the recent revelations of Nineveh award the palm to the land of Barrie and Maclaren, for the documents show that Adam fed his bears on haggis and his ichneumons on kale.

The balmy climate of Caledonia lends itself to intellectual effort and enables a modest man to wear golf stockings and ballet skirts simultaneously. The language of the land is soft, musical and mellifluous, adapted to song and music, to theology and badinage; it is weird enough to exhaust the resources of a type foundry, and robust enough to extract teeth painlessly. The religion of Scotland is bland but stimulating; it induces perspiration in winter and chills in sum-







AT THAT PERIOD,

NEITHER BULLDOGS NOR GAME-CKOCKS EXISTED, BUT THE MEGALOSAURI COULD PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT.

mer; and its ethical results are observable in the genial bonhomie and reckless generosity of its inhabitants.

The diet of Scotland is the envy of the earth; to that the Scot owes

his intellectual superiority. Oatmeal creates grey matter and scratches; kale brose stimulates thought; haggis makes philosophy and dialect handmaids of literature; and Scotch whis-

key and herring add strength to the breath and imagination of the literary giants of Old Gaul.

Carlyle owed his jocund humor and explosive persiflage to oatmeal; Hogg drew his divine afflatus from herring and haggis; and the popularity of the merry Hootmon dialect is based on kale and the glossaries. It is idle to say that the Lowland literary school is waning, for so long as the gentle spirit of the pirate, the poacher, and the pedlar animates humanity so long will men turn in anguish to Scotch literature to probe its mystery and make bets on its meaning. Browning acquired his mysticism while sojourning with a maiden aunt in Killiecrankie. The great Bacon cryptogram lacked a Scotch habitat to make it popular; and Shakespeare can never be solved until some genius evolves a herring and oatmeal cryptogram. Bacon is too Chicago.

The humor of Scotland is its most enduring triumph. To the mere outlander Scotch humor appears to need sarsaparilla; but the man to the manor born knows that it needs long years of education and training to understand; but once its subtlety is grasped a flood of light breaks upon the brain and the world takes on a new aspect. Scotch humor is serious, thoughtful, philosophic and not a thing to be laughed at; it is not for all to grasp its elusive elusiveness; the scratch of the Scotch head or leg and the rich coloring of the nose reveal its subtle essence to the initiated; and sometimes a can opener is found useful.

The world shudders at the shadow of the Yellow Peril. Why should it? The philosopher who has watched the ravages of golf knows whence the next conqueror is coming.

In that day Caledonia, stern and wild, will be the real thing; and the haughty Scotch-Irish must go off the map to the spot in chaos whence they came.

Joseph Smith.





### The Old Hat.

WHEN Dolly dons her Easter hat—  
A wondrous thing and peerless—  
She makes a proclamation that  
I find depressing, cheerless.

The hat is pretty, that is sure;  
And pretty, too, is Dolly;  
But beauty's magic fails to lure  
Away my melancholy.

For very stern she grows, whereat  
I'm present bliss dismissing—  
When Dolly dons her Easter hat  
The edict is, "No kissing!"

James Barrett Kirk.

### An Evil Threatened.

ALL morning, to the wonderment of his courtiers, Satan had sat motionless, lost in apparently the gloomiest thoughts, upon his great black throne.

"Say, Lucifer," he asked, at last, turning anxiously to that genial gentleman, "do I look at all shrunken to you?"

"No, indeed, sire," denied Lucifer, his tail curling in astonishment. "Why?"

"Are you sure I don't seem dwindling away any?" queried Satan, pursuing his train of thought.

"You never looked heartier," asserted Lucifer, with flattering positiveness.

"I'm not withering up, or fading away, or looking at all obsolete, am I?" went on Satan, with increasing anxiety.

"Certainly not, sire. What in heaven—whatever put such a ridiculous notion as that in your head?" exclaimed Lucifer.

"Why, I went out for a quiet little walk last night," explained Satan, "and it so happened that I meandered for awhile around among the Philippines; then I skipped over to China, and sauntered about there a bit; and then I hopped over to South Africa, and took a short stroll through the Transvaal."

"Well, you didn't see anything in any of those places to sadden you, sire," ejaculated Lucifer.

"Oh, I didn't—quite the contrary," cried Satan, with a reminiscent smile. "It was charming, perfectly charming, to see my work done in so workmanlike a style. But I got thinking about it this morning, and I began to be afraid I was growing superfluous."

With those fellows doing my work so skilfully, it did seem to me that perhaps I was no longer of any use and might just as well not exist. Are you perfectly sure that I don't begin to look atrophied? Nature is apt to eliminate the superfluous, you know."

Alex. Ricketts.

### A High Encomium.

"DIDN'T you think it was a fine sermon?"

"Very. It was almost equal to one of President McKinley's messages."



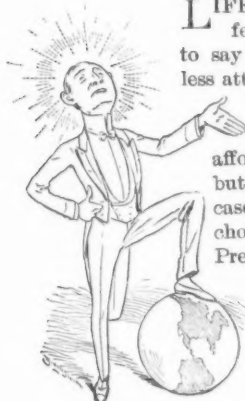
"THERE'S NO USE TALKING, OLD MAN, WHEN A CHAP HAS TOO MUCH MONEY, LIFE IS A BEASTLY BORE."

"BUT YOU MANAGE TO KILL THE TIME, DON'T YOU?"

"NO. I WENT ALL THE WAY AROUND THE WORLD IN MY YACHT JUST FOR THAT PURPOSE, AND BE HANGED IF I HADN'T GAINED A WHOLE DAY."

### A Lady or the Tiger Case.

LIFE has touched twice upon the case of Professor Ross, of the Stanford University; once to say that Mrs. Stanford would do well to pay less attention to her professors, and once to say that Stanford owed a degree of filial consideration to Mrs. Stanford which it could not afford to ignore. Further information is offered but it seems unnecessary. The Ross case is a case of the Lady or the Tiger. There was no choice possible which was unobjectionable. President Jordan chose the lady, and the friends of the tiger have made vehement protest. The protest may be right and useful, and may serve to protect professors in the enjoyment of reasonable freedom of speech. But President Jordan was right, too. While Mrs. Stanford lives, Stanford can't afford



to snub her. It owes her a sort of gratitude which is not a sense of favors to come, but a sentiment of appreciation for sacrifices made. She has burned her ships for Stanford, and ought not to be marooned, even though consideration for her may not be compatible with full present liberty of exhortation to professors of disputed wisdom.

### An Estimate.

FIRST MARS MAN: I wonder if they have as big fools on the earth as here?

SECOND MARS MAN: No. The atmospheric conditions there indicate that they are smaller but of much finer quality.

### On Easter Morning.

RING, bells of Easter, ring, and chime  
Your message (Dear, that clock is slow,  
We'll never get to church in time),  
Peace—peace on earth. (You dawdle so.)

Hail, glorious day! All hearts rejoice.  
(Don't wear that tie, it's out of style—  
I just *detest* our tenor's voice!)  
The Earth is glad—the Heavens smile.

Oh, joyful hour. (Your glove is split?  
That's like you!) Blessed Easter dawn.  
(You just don't want to go one bit.  
You are so hateful! . . . Oh, come ON!)

*Madeline Bridges.*



"LADY, I CAN'T GET YOUR EASTER BONNET THROUGH THE DOORWAY."

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"LAST SCENE OF ALL."

At first the infant  
Doubling his fists and countering on the nurse's jaw,  
Then the school-boy with his padded mitts,  
Punching the bag and licking all his class.  
And then the ranchman, sleeping on the turf,  
Living on dried buffalo and knocking down  
And sitting on the cowboy! Full of vim  
And biting nails in two for fun. Then the soldier,  
Scattering great armies with his awful look,  
Dashing up hills through deadly showers of lead  
And smiling as it were the harmless sport  
Of some enchanting summer's holiday.  
Next the grim Governor, defying lobbyists,  
Confounding bosses, writing histories  
With one hand tied behind him, speaking to  
The multitudes in spite of flying rocks  
And whirling bricks! Shouting defiance at the tough,  
And brandishing his fists full in the bully's face.  
And then the hunter, strangling wild beasts,  
Tying the mountain lion in a knot  
And hurling it across the precipice.  
Last scene of all, Vice-President,  
Sitting with nodding head and limbs relaxed,  
Hearing the oft-repeated tales  
Of Isthmian canals and subsidies  
And Sampson-Schley affairs—in mere oblivion,  
Sans mitts, sans spurs, sans gun, sans—ay, but wait.

—S. E. Kiser in *Chicago Times-Herald*.

NO GUNNER or gunner's mate could have a better command of the King's English—not even if his forebears served with the Army in Flanders—than "Fighting Bob" Evans, who has just been having news in his family of a kind to warrant the sincere congratulations of the American people.

The announcement of the engagement in marriage of Lieutenant Taylor Evans, U. S. N., the son of the bluff and gallant commander of the Battleship Iowa, was rapidly followed by Captain Robley D. Evans's advancement to the rank of Rear-Admiral. If he will only go into Grace Church, at the turn of Broadway, in his new uniform, Admiral Evans may feel sure that he will be more warmly welcomed than he was, according to his club friends, on a certain summer afternoon when he strolled in and sat down in the coolest-looking pew he could find. When the owner of that particular pew arrived, a few minutes later, with his family, which could have occupied all the seats, and saw the large, brown, warm-looking gentleman ensconced in solitary state, he wrote on his card, "I pay three hundred dollars for this pew," and handed it to Captain Evans, who scratched something by way of a reply—possibly an apology, thought the pew-owner, and handed the card back. But this was the second inscription:

"You pay too d—much."—*Harper's Weekly*.

In his speech in Congress answering Senator Hale's conciliatory effort in behalf of the subsidy bill, Senator Tillman indulged in a picturesque metaphor which was received with applause by every one on the floor. When Senator Hale found that his arguments were falling flat, he lost his temper and said one or two rather unkind things, at one time hinting that if Tillman wanted time to fulminate against the bill he might have it.

"Fulminate?" snapped out Tillman; "does the gentleman from Maine take me for a box of matches, or a gun-cap? Perhaps it is a flash of lightning, and if it is, let me tell him that I want plenty of time to grow some forks. I don't want to spend all my time making common sheet-lightning."

—*Argonaut*.

It is to be feared that some other men's "call" to preach is not more imperative than that of the negro referred to by Mr. Booker Washington in his recent book, *Up From Slavery*.

The old negro was working in the cotton field one hot day in July. Suddenly he stopped, and looking toward the sky, he exclaimed:

"O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de wuk am so hard, an' de sun am so hot, dat I b'lieve dis darky am called to preach!"

A COLONEL of a British regiment in South Africa who was repairing a railroad after one of General De Wet's many breakages discovered a fine empty house, which he proceeded to occupy as headquarters.

When the news of the colonel's comfortable quarters reached Bloemfontein he received a telegram which read:

"G. T. M. wants house."

The colonel was unable to make out what "G. T. M." meant, and inquired of officers, who translated it "General Traffic Manager."

"All right," said the colonel. "If he can use hieroglyphics so can I."

So he wired back:

"G. T. M. can G. T. H."

Two days later he received a dispatch from Bloemfontein ordering him to attend a board of inquiry. On appearing in due course he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to a superior officer.

"Insulting," repeated the colonel, innocently; "it was nothing of the kind."

"But what do you mean," demanded his superior, "by telling me I can 'G. T. H.'?"

"It was simply an abbreviation," replied the colonel. "G. T. M., (general traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the house)."—*New York Tribune*.

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Office of J. P. MORGAN & CO.,  
23 Wall Street, New York.

March 21, 1901.

To the Stockholders of

Federal Steel Company,  
National Steel Company,  
National Tube Company,  
American Steel & Wire Co. of New Jersey,  
American Tin Plate Company,  
American Steel Hoop Company,  
American Sheet Steel Company,

Referring to our circular dated March 2, 1901, we announce that holders of the following percentages of the entire outstanding amounts of the Preferred and Common Stocks of the above-named companies have accepted the offer made to them by us in our said circular, viz :

	Percentage of Preferred Stock.	Percentage of Common Stock.
Federal Steel Company.....	97	96
National Steel Company.....	97	98
National Tube Company.....	98	93
American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey.....	97	92
American Tin Plate Company.....	94	99
American Steel Hoop Company.....	97	98
American Sheet Steel Company.....	97	94

**THE PLAN PROPOSED IN OUR CIRCULAR THEREFORE HAS BECOME OPERATIVE.**

In view of the fact that there are stockholders who desire to participate in the plan, but who have been unable to deposit the certificates for their stock within the time limited in our circular, we have extended the time for deposit of stocks under the terms and conditions of our said circular of March 2, 1901, **UNTIL AND INCLUDING MONDAY, APRIL 1ST, 1901**, after which date no deposit of stock will be received except in our discretion and on such terms as we may prescribe.

The **COMMON STOCK** of any Company offered for deposit **AFTER THE DATE OF CLOSING THE TRANSFER BOOKS** of such Company for the payment of dividends upon the Common Stock must be accompanied by an **ORDER FOR SUCH DIVIDENDS**.

Deposits must be made with the following depositories respectively:

FEDERAL STEEL PREFERRED STOCK	with	Colonial Trust Co., N. Y., or with
FEDERAL STEEL COMMON STOCK	"	Old Colony Trust Co. Boston.
NATIONAL TUBE PREFERRED STOCK	"	Morton Trust Co., N. Y., or with
NATIONAL TUBE COMMON STOCK	"	Kidder, Peabody & Co., Boston.
AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE PREFERRED STOCK	"	Standard Trust Co., N. Y.
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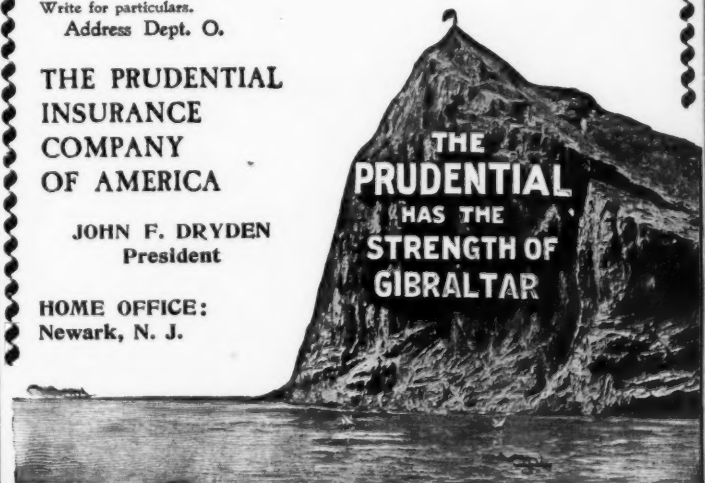
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# THE SONG OF THE SKIRT.

With fingers weary and cramped  
And a wrist that was stiff with pain,  
A lady walked, in a Paris gown,  
Down Bond Street, in the rain.  
Splash, splash, splash,  
Through puddle and slush and dirt,  
And half to herself, in a sobbing tone,  
She sang this "Song of the Skirt":

"For fashion's sake," she moaned,  
"Full many a cross bear we;  
Like abject slaves we bow  
To her every new decree.  
But of all the cruel modes  
With which we women are cursed  
Our walking-gown, with its trailing train,  
Methinks is by far the worst."

"Sweep, sweep, sweep,  
Where the waste of the street lies thick;  
Sweep, sweep, sweep,  
However our path we pick—  
Dust, bacillus, and germ,  
Germ, bacillus, and dust,  
Till we shudder and turn from the sorry sight  
With a gesture of disgust."

—London Truth.

MARK TWAIN'S daughter, Miss Clara L. Clemens, in entering upon her career as a concert singer, had a long conference with a manager. Many matters were discussed, plans made and details settled, Miss Clemens dictating her own lease. The young singer, who had experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining parental consent to a public career,

showed her earnestness by the businesslike manner in which she looked into affairs.

When matters had been fully considered and the manager was about to leave, Miss Clemens said, with the large determination that small bodies not infrequently possess:

"I wish it distinctly understood that my father's name is not to be mentioned at all in connection with my singing in public."

Mark Twain, who had been sitting in the room during the interview, in which, however, he had taken no part, looked up quizzically and said with a twinkle in his eyes:

"You see what it is to have a thankless child."

—Saturday Evening Post.

SENATOR VEST is older than his years, in fact as well as in appearance. He is ill and despondent and refuses to take a cheerful view of life. Nevertheless his mind is one of the brightest in the Senate. One day he sank into his chair saying to his neighbor:

"I am an old man, and I'll never get over this."

"Come, come, Vest, brace up," replied his neighbor; "brace up and you'll be all right. Look at Morrill over there; he's nearly ninety, and is as spry as a man of forty."

"Morrill! Morrill!" said Vest. "He's set for eternity. They'll have to shoot him on the day of judgment."

—Harper's Weekly.

It was evident in his swagger that he was a scion of the British aristocracy, and the most casual observer could not have failed to note that he was a stranger to the city. He touched a well-dressed, auburn-haired young man who was loitering in front of a Broadway hotel on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, me dear man, but could I trouble you for a match?" After lighting his cigar he continued: "Bah Jove, this is a remarkable city. This is my first visit to New York,

d'ye know? I'm a dencid stranger, but on the other side I'm a person of importance. I am Sir Francis Daffy, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. D'ye mind telling me your name, me dear man?"

Replied he of the auburn hair, in a deep, rich brogue: "Me name is Michael Murphy, night before last, night before that, last night, to-night and every damn night—Michael Murphy."—New York Evening Sun.

A RUSSIAN military paper tells of a lieutenant who heard a sergeant giving a recruit a short lecture upon his duties.

"The military service," said the sergeant, "requires little prayer to God, and a strict attention to the orders of a superior."

Somewhat astonished at this singular definition of military duty, the officer ventured to ask the sergeant for his authority. Whereupon the sergeant produced an ancient volume, containing the following:

"The military service requires little; prayer to God and strict attention to the orders of a superior."—Argonaut.

THE five-hour discussion in the House of Representatives last week over the value of three jackasses suggested the following to an admirer of the House of Representatives:

Some scores of asses recently were called  
To fix the value of three asses more.  
For five long hours they wrangled, brayed and brawled,  
Then by their brethren said they set no store.  
Henceforth let all the jackass tribe take heed  
How small their value seemeth to the nation!  
A'while they bray and on the public feed,  
Then gain, as those, the jackass valuation!  
—New York Evening Sun.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

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Always delights and never disappoints. It never lowers its high standard of quality. It never varies its perfect purity and mellow flavor. It satisfies everybody else. Now, satisfy yourself.

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"GOOD WINE IS A GOOD FAMILIAR  
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LET US MAKE YOU FAMILIAR WITH  
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The vim and life without the bite. Paris Exposition Judges' opinion: "Perfect."



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there is positively no lubricant on the market that equals "3 in 1." It is an oily oil that never gums, dries out, collects dust or clogs the action points.

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will not turn rancid and the last drop is just as good as the first.

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"3 in 1" cleanses and polishes too and prevents rust on any metal surface. Your dealer has it. Send two-cent stamp to pay the postage on free sample bottle.

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SOLE BOTTLERS, NEW YORK.



Registered Trade Mark.

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at "The Linen Store."

Our first new Spring shipment of Hemstitched Damask Table Linens has been placed on sale. It includes Doylies, Tray and Tea Cloths, Luncheon and Dinner Cloths, with Napkins to match, and Scarfs in a large and attractive collection of designs; chiefly white, but few of the luncheon sets have novel broché borders of color. Tray cloths, 50c. to 1.50 each; tea cloths, one yard square and upward, 1.25 to 4.50.

2 x2	yard cloth and 1 doz. nap.	8.00 to 17.00
2 x2½	" " " "	9.00 to 19.00
2½x2½	" " " "	17.50 to 35.00
2½x3	" " " "	19.00 to 37.50

Other sizes at proportionate prices.

Scarfs 14, 18 and 20 inches wide, in all required lengths, at moderate prices.

**James McCutcheon & Co.**

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**Arnold  
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Spring Importations. Special Advance Styles.

Silk Fabrics.

Suitable for Dinner, Reception and Ball Costumes.

White Silks and Satins for Wedding Gowns.

Novelties for Bridesmaids' Dresses.

Rich Brocades, Panne Satins.

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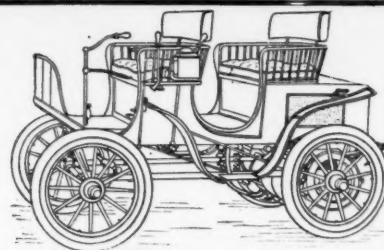
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AND

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Corticelli Silk is too strong to break, is evenly twisted, has no knots, no kinks, no short measure. Its use for hand or machine sewing brings delight instead of despair. Cheap silk is dear at any price. If your dealer does not keep Corticelli go to some other store. It will pay you to do so. Send for our "Spring and Summer Costume Booklet." Just out. New styles. Profusely illustrated. Free for a postal.

CORTICELLI SILK MILLS, 46 Bridge Street, Florence, Mass.





LITTLE WILLIE, in the best of sashes,  
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.  
Bye and bye the room grew chilly,  
But no one liked to poke up Willie. — *Exchange.*

"I HOPES you'll 'scuse me foh axin' any question dat souns pus'nal," said Miss Miami Brown. "But I would like to know what makes you walk so kind o' loose in the j'int's?"

"It's my musical disposition," was the reply, "Dey runs de bands so close together in a puhcession dat you's il'ble to be listenin' to a quick-step an' a slow-step bof to once. An' tryin' to keep step to 'em simultaneous kind o' results in makin' yoh ankles limber." — *Washington Star.*

#### NEARSILK.

LIFE acknowledges with pleasure the receipt of an artistic and fantastic poster from Burton Bros. & Co., 384 Broadway, N. Y. It is apparently intended to show that enough Nearsilk has been made and sold to extend all the way around the world.

"No, I can make you no contribution; I don't believe in sending out foreign missionaries."

"But the Scriptures command us to feed the hungry." The man of wealth shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I'd feed them something cheaper than missionaries," he rejoined, with the brusquerie that characterizes his class.

— *What to Eat.*

#### MAID, WIFE OR WIDOW.

Bachelor, husband or widower, all find telephone service useful at all hours of the day. None who values comfort, neatness and despatch can afford to be without it. Rates in Manhattan from \$5 a month. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey St., 111 West 38th St.

"DEER MR. CARNIGGY I See you are giving away Monny for Libraries and I want to tell you that us Kids has Fixed up a Lair in a Cave witch We Bilt Ourselfes and we would like you to send us Eather the Monny or a Series of the 6 fingered lke stories and the Noosboy Detective Series if you donte mined the Troubel. Your cinsere friend Johnny."

— *Indianapolis Press.*

#### PURE JUICE

Of the grapes, naturally fermented, is the ingredients used in Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry.

MR. SUBBUBS: I wish you would list my villa at Baklots-by-the-Bay for sale.

REAL ESTATE AGENT: Certainly, sir.

"And if you do not find a purchaser by next October see if you can't give the place away to some one."

— *Baltimore American.*

"THAT enemy of yours says you are owned by a certain corporation."

"Again my enemy wrongs me," said the practical politician. "I value my liberty too highly to sacrifice it. I am not owned by the corporation he refers to. I am simply leased to it for a term of years." — *Washington Star.*

#### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent or transient guests.

WHEN that very limited monarch, Louis Philippe, was asked to pardon Barbès, he replied:

"He has my pardon; now I will see if I can get him that of my ministers." — *Argonaut.*

FOR Duplicate Whist use Paine's, Kalamazoo, or U. S. Trays.

#### FROM The Plunkville Bugle:

"The remarkably neat appearance of our columns this week is largely due to the fact that we have bought a new handsaw, with which to make up our telegraph and miscellany. The loathsome insect that is struggling along with the sheet across the way still continues to borrow the Widow Harkness's bucksaw to edit his paper with. It is a good thing for him that the widow has a heart that could never resist the appeals of poverty." — *Indianapolis Press.*

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Come and take at my table a seat,  
(Tho' granting the times may be bad),  
Now and then a good dinner I get,  
And my share of good Trimble I've had."

A pure rye,  
10 years old, aged  
by time,  
not artificially.

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Whiskey  
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ESTABLISHED 1793.

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a weak hand

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Pimples almost everywhere,  
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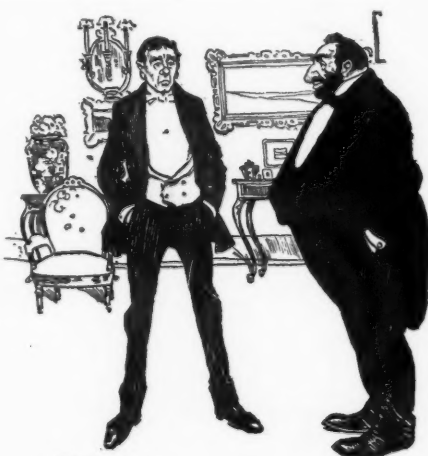
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—A FULL RANGE OF SHAPES TO FIT ALL FIGURES—  
**STRAIGHT FRONT DESIGNS WITH THE CURVED  
WAIST LINES, ROUNDING HIPS—AND LOW BUST  
EFFECTS, WILL PRODUCE A PERFECT FIGURE, WITH AN  
EASE AND ELEGANCE THAT NO OTHER CORSET GIVES.**

**REDFERN CORSETS COST SOMEWHAT MORE, BUT ARE A NECESSITY  
TO A WELL GOWNED WOMAN—**

**MADE IN THE FINEST QUALITIES OF COTTONS, AND ITALIAN CLOTHS.  
DAINTY NOVELTIES IN PLAIN AND EXQUISITELY EMBROIDERED.  
BATISTES, BROCADES AND BROCHES—**



Conquest, 1900.

WOULD IMPROVE IT PERHAPS.

Mr. Epstein: NOW YOU DON'T THUPPOSE I'M GOING TO CUT  
OFF MY NOTHE TO SPHITE MY FATHR, DO YOU?

Mr. Paul: OH, NO. BUT WOULD IT?—Moonshine.

## THE FAIRY BUST FORM



A new and radical departure  
from and a great improve-  
ment on any bust pad here-  
before made. Combining the  
desirable features of dainti-  
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shapely and hygienic form,  
non-irritating, cool and com-  
fortable.

Can be worn either with  
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Made of the finest Shirred  
Mechlin Net, 75c; Silk  
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brodered with lace inser-  
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Ask your dealer for them  
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**WRIGHT & CO.,**  
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Patent applied for.

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THIS IS THE MARK  
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All that Ale or Stout or Porter  
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India Pale Ale,  
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On Draught or in Bottles.

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134 Cedar St., cor. Washington, New York.



Always insist upon having

**ABBOTT'S ORIGINAL**

**Angostura Bitters.**

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When you really want  
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There's no ginger ale quite  
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The Name "BOSTON  
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The *Velvet Grip*  
**CUSHION  
BUTTON  
CLASP**

Lies flat to the leg—never  
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**  
Sample pair, Silk 20c.  
Cotton 25c.  
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**EVERY PAIR WARRANTED**

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Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.



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Chocolates and Confections

Ask for them anywhere.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,  
1816 Chestnut Street,  
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Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate  
makes a delicious drink in a minute.

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Restaurants and Palm Room. Orchestra.  
Table d'Hôte Dinner, One Dollar.

Rooms en suite, Southern exposure.

Most central and accessible location in New York City, combined with quiet and refined surroundings. Rooms with bath, \$1.50 upward.

Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Hotel Earlington and St. James Hotel (June to October).  
30 years connected with  
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# Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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The Overland Limited leaves Chicago 6.30 p. m. via Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railways.

Dining Cars a la carte. Buffet Library Cars with barber. Drawing Room Sleeping Cars without charge. The best of everything.

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## Evans' Ale and Stout



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Pure Rye Whiskey



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Ask for

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And see that you get it.

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Just completed for the

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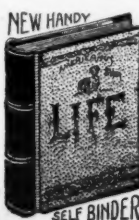
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